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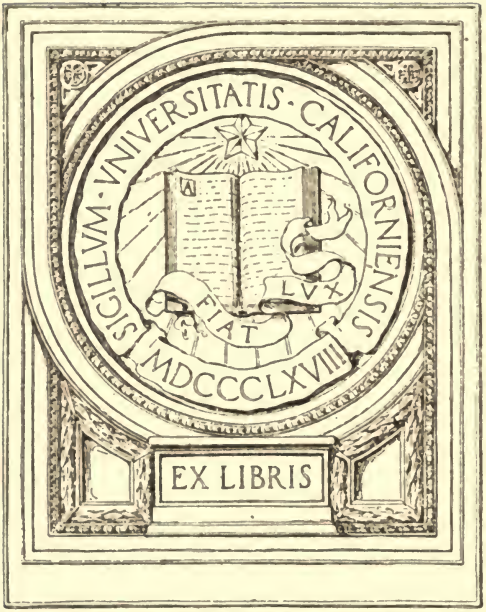
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MY SHIP
AND OTHER VERSES

MY SHIP

AND OTHER VERSES

BY

EDMUND LEAMY

WITH A FOREWORD
By
KATHARINE TYNAN

NEW YORK
JOHN LANE COMPANY
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TO
MY MOTHER

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Acknowledgment

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E. L.

Apologia

If that my songs are sad, Beloved,
'Tis but to hide
The joy I know, the happiness
You by my side;

So that the Gods who would destroy
May hear my sigh
And judging love a futile thing
Go heedless by.

Foreword

Edmund Leamy—how the name recalls another Edmund Leamy, the truest, simplest, finest of Irish patriots and gentlemen!—has inherited the gift of true poetry, which in his father's case found expression also in stories and oratory. There is something of the wind and the weather, of wild countries and a wild adventurous young heart, in his poems. His father's adventure was the one upon which so many have embarked, will embark—the great adventure for the Dark Rosaleen. The son's adventure carries him over oceans and continents, but he has always the faithful, the untravelled heart that belongs by right to his father's son.

"And yet I see the sunset adown the Western skies
And glimpse within the wonderness my mother's pleading eyes.
And yet I hear the West Wind sob softly in the trees

That vainly cloaks her broken call far o'er the distant seas.
And still when shine the dim stars my wander-heart would go
Away, and back to her dear side and dreams of long ago."

There is much of youth in the poems, and wonder and admiration and the spirit of adventure, and the wind in the heath makes colours and life. The genuine spirit of Romance walks through his poetry, which should be as good as a sea voyage for sedentary folk in parlours. And with the riotous enjoyment of colour and phrase and swinging metre there is, as befits his father's son, nothing that is not clean and good.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

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MY SHIP
AND OTHER VERSES

Outward Bound

A good ship, and a fair wind,
And a pal beside me;
A brave heart, a clear sky,
And a star to guide me,
And a woman's kiss as talisman
Whate'er betide me.

A YOUNG land, and an old land at the ends of the earth!
(Be still, be still the heart o' me that hears the olden call!)
Nestling 'neath a golden sky beyond the seven seas
The massive country whispers as the sunset shadows fall—
God be with the goodly ship, the whipping friendly breeze
That bears me as an orphan to the faith that gave me birth.

The young faith, and the old faith, and the
trust of a child.
(Be still, be still the heart o' me, the day is
yet unborn!)
Dim against the misty clouds the tall towers
disappear,
And oh, my soul with memories of boyhood
hours is torn.

A young land and an old land to the south of
the line,
(Be still, be still the heart o' me, a truce to
all your fears!)
Fair, and free, and far away it lies and lures
me on
Yet I but go in answer to the whisper of the
years;
Go and leave behind me, ah, so pale it is and
wan—
The dream I dreamed in bygone days before
the world was mine.

A good ship, and a fair wind,
And a pal beside me;

Outward Bound

A brave heart, a clear sky,
And a star to guide me,
And a woman's kiss as talisman
Whate'er betide me!

The Slave

THERE once was a lad in the long ago
And he lived by the open whispering sea,
And daytime found him gazing out
Where the shimmering sails flashed fair and free,
And night time brought him golden dreams
That filled his heart with ecstasy.

Each morning 'midst the fisher nets
He heard the bronzéd sea-men tell
Of luring lands and silver skies
And olden ships. They loved to dwell
On dangers passed, to see his eyes
Go wide beneath the subtle spell.

He dreamed his dreams and saw them grow
Dim and grim, and grey with age, . . .
A city bank, behind a grille,
His weary pen toiled o'er the page

The Slave

Day in, day out. His heart grew tired
  Behind the brass-barred grinning cage.

And then it came that he had power
  To wander wide to other lands,
To live the olden dreams once dreamed,
  To steer his ship for far-off strands,
To greet the moonlight and the stars,
  And grasp the dawn within his hands.

And fair the day his boat embarked,
  And fair the bosom of the sea,
And fair the dream that sang and smiled,
  But in his heart no answering glee,
For the years had branded him a slave
  And never more could he be free.

"My Lips Would Sing——"

My lips would sing a song for you, a soulful
little song for you,
A plaintive little song for you, upon a sum-
mer's day;
But for the very life of me, the merry, merry
life of me,
The laughter-loving life of me, I cannot but
be gay.

For oh, the sun is shining, Dear, and who could
be repining, Dear,
And who would be unhappy, Dear, when all
the world is young?
So I will hum a melody, a mirthful little melody,
A joyous little melody that never yet was
sung.

And you shall hear of Fairyland, of Kings and
Queens of Fairyland,

"My Lips Would Sing——"

Of men and maids of Fairyland, and Love
shall be the theme,
And straight before your brimming eyes, a
golden glint of Paradise
Shall steal, My Dear, to still your sighs, and
give you back your dream.

And you will taste of happiness, a tiny bit of
happiness,
A wistful bit of happiness, upon a summer's
day;
And just a little smile from you, a sunny little
smile from you,
A trembly little smile from you shall be a
poet's pay!

'Africa

A TEAR in the soft shy morning,
A dew-drop a violet spills,
As the mist comes up from the marshes
To fold in his arms the hills;
And the heart of a dreamer quivers
And leaps with a thousand thrills.

A gem in the blaze of noon-time,
In the drowsy shade of the trees,
A ruby bright as a diamond
The eye of a maid to please,
An opal of wondrous beauty—
And never a soul that sees.

A dream in the dusky evening,
As the sun sinks low in the West,
And the wind comes over the palm-trees
With the hint of a hidden quest,
And the Southern Cross in glory
Shines down on a world at rest.

And the tear can be kissed to laughter
  As a woman can be caressed;
And the gem can be caught and prisoned
  To shine on a gleaming breast;
But, the dream is ever elusive
  And therefore the dream is best.

Light Heart

THERE is Springtime in the Heavens, and there's
Springtime in the breeze,
And the birds are singing Spring songs in the
blossom-laden trees;
The days are growing longer, and there's warmth
in the air,
And there's sweetness just in living, and there's
gladness everywhere;
And yet you say you're lonely, Lad,
Lonely, why?
Isn't the shimmering, shining sun smiling in the
sky?
Isn't it smiling at you in a friendly kind of way,
Doesn't it look as if it wished to bid you time
o' day?
Lonely, why, Lord love you,
You're just blue!
Lonely, when each living thing wants to be your
friend,

Light Heart

And God is in his Heaven;
Lonely when there's love for you and kindness
without end!
Lonely, you're not lonely, Lad,
A little blue, a little sad.
Come, cheer up, Laddie; cheer up, Son,
There's lots of pleasure, lots of fun,
Left in the world for every one.

There is Winter in the Heavens, and there's
Winter in the wind,
There is Winter in the tree-tops—but, is Winter
so unkind?
The days are growing shorter, and the nights are
long and cold,
But, the stars they shine much brighter, and they
wink and twinkle gold;
And you again are lonely, Lad,
Lonely, why?
Isn't every snow-flake in the sullen, silent sky
A little pearly tear-drop from an angel, come to
bless,

Light Heart

To lay itself against your cheek in gentle, soft
caress?
Lonely, why, God bless you,
You're just blue!
Lonely, when the crackling frost brings glad-
ness to the ear,
And God is in his Heaven;
Lonely, when about you you can feel King Win-
ter near;
Lonely, you're not lonely, Lad,
A little blue, a little sad.
Go, dry your tears, be happy, Son,
There's lots of pleasure, lots of fun,
Left in the world for every one!

My Ship

My ship is an old ship and her sails are grey
and torn,
And in the dim and misty night she seems a
thing forlorn;
Her battered sides are beetle black, her decks are
scarred and old,
And heavy rise the musty scents from out her
crumbling hold.

The young ships in the tide-way with a sneering
smile sail by,
And fair they flash their white sails against the
sun-drenched sky,
And fleet they run before the clouds that usher
in a blow,
But could a storm coerce my ship whene'er she
wished to go!

My ship is an old ship and her sails are torn
and grey,

And she's not white and beautiful, nor fragile
such as they,
But she has sailed o'er every sea to every land
a-gleam,
And on her decks make merry now the wraiths
of youthful dream!

Lullaby

Oh, honey, li'l honey, come an' lay yo' woolly head,
Upon yo' mammy's bosom, play at possum bein' dead,
Fo' a li'l babe am sleepy, an' it's time to go to bed,
So, come, ma li'l baby, ma li'l lovin' baby,
An' sleep ma li'l baby,
Sleepy, sleepy, sleep.

Don't yo' cry yo' li'l eyes out, sho' de summer day am done,
An' de flowers am gone a bye-bye wit' de great big yellow sun,
An' de stars am all a-peepin' fo' to ketch him on de run,
But yo' must sleep, ma baby, ma li'l lovin' baby;
Ah, sleep ma li'l baby,
Sleepy, sleepy, sleep.

Lullaby

Ah, hush, ma pickaninny, sho' yo's mammy's li'l prize,
But de san' man am a-comin' fo' to close a baby's eyes,
An' de angels all am creepin' fro' de splendour ob de skies
To guard a li'l baby, ma li'l lovin' baby;
So sleep, ma li'l baby,
Sleepy, sleepy, sleep.

The Treasure Seekers

Pal o' Mine, oh, Pal o' Mine, or ever the dream can die,
Follow me over the shining sea, west of the sunset sky,
West of the sunset sky and the moon, south of the milky way,
North of the land where the dead dreams droop, east of the breaking day;
Laugh again with your old-time laugh, and sing me an olden song,
That we may be happy again, old man, though the arm of the sorrow be long.

Slip the line, and break the sail, and whistle the friendly wind,
Wind with the scent of the Southland's lips, sweeping to greet and find,
Bringing us back the dreams we dreamed—(We were but lads so high,

The Treasure Seekers

You always said that they would come true,
laughed when I would deny.)
Bringing back to our lonely hearts, and we are
now old, so old,
The tales that we loved of the Spanish Main,
and the lure of the buccaneer's gold.

Lure of gold, and lure of lands, and lure of the
Southern Sea—
What is the guerdon we both must pay, what
is the toll to be?
Never a price if down in our hearts lingers the
old-time thrill,
Faith of the boy in the power o' dream—faith
that is with us still;
Seeking the gold we will find the dream, and
seeking the dream—the gold,
For that is the way that we said 'twould be,
when we knew we could never grow old!

The Visitor

THE long June day we waited, a prayer in our hearts,
And our voices still as a summer stream
That glides through the tree-hung places
In the hush of a noontime dream.

The small white form that tossed on the bed in its pain . . .
And the dumb-eyed mother that watched as we,
Who gazed with a hopeless horror
Begotten of misery. . . .

And then that night, a presence, unseen, unheard
To the room came gliding. . . . One anguished cry . . .
And a rose on the bramble withered
And a star fell in the sky.

Visions

I never watch the sun set a-down the Western skies
But that within its wonderness I see my mothers' eyes;
I never hear the west wind sob softly in the trees
But that there comes her broken call far o'er the distant seas;
And never shine the dim stars but that my heart would go
Away and back to olden lands and dreams of long ago.

A ROVER of the wide world, when yet my heart was young,
The sea came whispering to me in well-belovéd tongue,
And oh! the promises she held of golden lands a-gleam

That clung about my boy-heart and filled mine
eyes with dream,
And Wanderlust came luring me till 'neath the
stars I swore
That I would be a wanderer for ever, ever more.

A rover of the wide world, I've seen the North-
ern lights
A-flashing countless colours in the knife-cold
wintry nights;
I've watched the Southern Cross ablaze o'er
smiling, sunny lands,
And seen the lazy sea caress palm-sheltered, sil-
ver sands;
Still wild unrest is scourging me, the Wander-
lust of yore,
And I must be a wanderer for ever, ever more.

And yet, I see the sun set a-down the Western
skies
And glimpse within the wonderness my moth-
er's pleading eyes;

And yet I hear the west wind sob softly in the trees
That vainly cloak her broken call far o'er the distant seas;
And still when shine the dim stars my wander heart would go
Away and back to her side, and dreams of long ago.

A Broken Song

He was such a little song,
But the April days were long,
  And he thought he could entwine
    a woman's heart;

So he went his lilting way
All upon a sunny day,
  And he laughed to see the winter
    cold depart.

To a winsome maid he came
And he gently hummed her name
  And his music was the wind across
    the sea;
But her heart, alas, was stone,
So he wandered back alone,
  And brokenly he told his tale to me.

A Broken Song

Aye, the summer sky is blue,
And the days are fair to you
  And me who've seen so many sadly
    roll;
But the whole wide world is wrong,
To a little, lonely song
  That is sobbing, oh, so softly in my
    soul.

An Arabian Incident

I MET a little Arab boy as naked as the sky
That blazed in cloudless grandeur o'er the street,
A little chubby Arab child who passed me gravely by,
Then turned to watch me, solemnly, discreet.

The stolidness of centuries was in his silent gaze,
The ancient pride of kings within his blood,
And he bore himself as proudly as his men of olden days,
And glance for glance he gave me as we stood.

Then I ventured to address him, but my Arabic was bad
And he answered not at all, nor made a sign,
But I felt the scorn within his eyes, a little tubby lad,
The descendant of an old and honoured line.

And so I turned to leave him, by the incident impressed,
But stopped and placed a coin upon my hand,
The silent speaking language of the East and of the West,
And my little kingling seemed to understand.

He shuffled shyly towards me, took the shiny silver thing
Then ran and hid himself behind a wall,
Forgetting all the instincts that were worthy of a king—
A little, human youngster, after all!

Aden

BARREN rock and rugged grandeur
Rising from the sea,
Mysteries of ancient people
Greet the soul of me—
But, I see in English faces
Longing for a tree.

Hunger for the rolling meadows
And the perfumed loam,
Oft I watch them unobservéd—
Wistfully they roam,
In their eyes dumb, silent longings
And a prayer for home.

The Old Town

THE day is rife with olden dreams
That deep entwine my heart
To lure me back to olden loves
When that I must depart,
A thousand memories are born
To cloud and blind these eyes
That look to dim and distant lands—
To stars in other skies.

So fair, so fair the waning flowers,
The brown October trees,
So sweet, so dear, the melody
That ripples on the breeze;
Ah, beautiful, the little town,
The blue and smiling sea,
The well-remembered simple things
No more, no more to be.

The songs the birds each morning sang
As climbed the youngling sun,

The Old Town

The silence and the peacefulness
When the long day was done,
And God himself a-keeping watch
O'er this wee Paradise—
But, Wanderlure is in my heart
And dream is in my eyes.

Ah, dream is in these eyes of mine
And wander in my soul,
And I must seek a thousand ways
A sweet elusive goal;
And I must live each luring dream
Till, weary, I would rest,
And learn perchance that after all
The old, old dreams were best.

Memory

When I was I, and You were You,
And moonlit nights were fair,
The stars were dimmed before your eyes
And prisoned in your hair;
And every song the soft winds sang
Dream-laden from the South
Were but the music of your voice,
The sweetness of your mouth.

The secrets of the plashing waves
That only dreamers hear,
Were once the words that quivering
You whispered in my ear;
The tale you told, the dearest tale
That lights a woman's eyes
Who holds within her tiny hands
The keys of paradise.

Ah, if my dream is but a dream
As dreams of mortals are,

And Faith be but a futile thing—
  The love of moth for star;
Yet who may chide in jealousy
  As laggard Time plods by
If still within my heart I hold
  What cannot die!

The Ballad of the Hookah

SQUATTIN' on the floor I wuz like an 'ero in a story,
Puffin' o' an 'ookah pipe, a Sultan at me side,
S'welp me but I almost bust a-thinkin' o' the glory,
Me wot never wuz a one much given unto pride.
Coffee from a bronzen jug he poured with jewelled fingers
Often filled the tiny cup I 'eld within me 'and,
Talkin' to me equal-like—Lor'! 'ow the memory lingers
In me 'art as incense 'angs in that there furrin land.

Took the 'ookah from me an' 'e showed me 'ow to smoke it
Pullin' at it steady till there came the gurgle sound—

The Ballad of the Hookah

"Go it kind o' gentle-like or otherwise you'll choke it!"
Sez the Sultan low to me a-squattin' on the ground.
Once again I takes a drag an' bli'me I could do it!
"Bubble, bubble," growled the pipe. I almost 'owled with joy!
Smokin' like an 'old 'and I, but Lor'! I came to rue it
As is rued the first cigar wot's smoked by any boy.

'Ead a-sudden went a-swimmin' an' the room went reelin',
Kind o' hasty-like I rose an' staggered to me bunk,
Never 'ad I known before, a queerer, stranger feelin',
Like as if the stars an' moon, an' all the world wuz drunk!
Crikey! Wot an 'ead I 'ad the same I'm not forgettin',

Lasted me a week or two, or mayhap it wuz three,
But, when all is said an' done, I never am regrettin'
The time I smoked an 'ookah with a Prince in Araby!

Broken Idols

He was a youngster of twenty-odd years—
  Heigh ho for the old days—
Never a sorrow, and never a care
Lurked in his heart as he bounded up-stair
Into his room with its bed and a chair—
  Heigh ho for the old days!

Laughing he was all the long summer hours—
  Heigh ho for the old days.
Heart-whole and happy, and poor as could be
Eating his dinner, and drinking his tea,
Dreaming mayhap o' a girl o'er the sea—
  Heigh ho for the old days.

Riches he found, and the heart o' the world—
  Heigh ho for the old days.
Heart of a friend, and the heart of a maid,
Bloom of a rose-bud that never would fade,
Big was his love, and he was not afraid—
  Heigh ho for the old days.

Broken Idols

Big was his love, and his heart without fear—
  Heigh ho for the old days.
Never suspicious, he never would send
Thought of unfaithfulness of wife or of friend,
Aye, but he knew in the grim, bitter end—
  Heigh ho for the old days.

Knew as his idols around him crashed down—
  Heigh ho for the old days.
Watched as his dreams were swept swiftly away,
Glamour of gold, and the light of the day,
Idols beloved, with their poor feet of clay—
  Heigh ho for the old days.

Tired are his eyes, and it's dim is their power—
  Heigh ho for the old days.
Yet, do they see when the fire glistens bright,
Softly and sadly, alone in the night,
Visions that come till his tears blot the sight—
  Heigh ho for the old days!

Old Songs

THEY come in the lonely silence
  Over the silver sea,
Haunted with olden longing
  And olden memory,
Sweet with their madding music
  Dear to the heart of me.

Millions of years, or only
  One, and an endless day!
One! Was it long in passing?—
  Only the stars can say;
Only the sighing breezes;
  Only the laughing spray.

Futile the words and senseless
  Lacking the boast of rhyme,
Paltry, mayhap, and trivial
  Perfect alone in time—
Songs that I knew,—Ah, Foolish—
  Loved in another clime.

Old Songs

Haunting they bring me wistful
Crash of the grinding cars,
Follies of old I followed,
Lights that eclipsed the stars,
Poor little hopes once nurtured,
Youth, and redeeming scars.

Blame ye a poet's fancies,
Wraiths of a dreamer brain,
Visions that cloud the sun-set;
Jewels that gem the rain?—
Sweet, ah, sweet is the olden
Music that sings again!

A Wish

Oh, little girl, may you never know
Of the empty pain in my heart;
May you never guess as you come and go,
How its chords lie torn apart.

May you never dream on a starlit night,
Of the havoc you wrought within,
When I worshipped afar, who had no right,
And knew that I never could win.

May you never suffer the lasting scar
Of a love which was not to be;
May you always be happy as angels are,
And—God have pity on me!

Night in Kampala

THE sun has sought the velvet arms of night
And gone to rest. The soft West wind sighs by;
The palm-trees quiver in the waning light;
One little star peeps shyly from the sky.

The birds have ceased their galaxy of song
And stilled is every tiny feathered throat;
Now flashes bright the merry starry throng,
And rises now the cricket's quickening note.

Deep in the marsh the bull-frog joins his cries
To those of thousand toads that louder grow;
The hum of insects rises to the skies,
And Time throbs on with measured beat and slow.

All silent in the town the gay bazaars,
Save where the crabbéd merchants two or three

Night in Kampala

Count over in the dim light of the stars
  The profits of the day and usury.

Within a small grass hut a native boy
  Upon a harp plays low with tireless power;
A woman croons a simple song of joy,
  And melody and dream are in the hour.

The Afric night steals softly o'er my soul,
  I shut my eyes and let my thoughts go roam,
Knowing well that they will seek a cherished
      goal
  And lead me back to long ago—and home!

Revelation

THE Unknown lures them blindly on
And they come with a rousing cheer,
To toil and toil on a barren shore
For that which they hold most dear,
But the day is long,—in a rousing song
Is hidden many a tear.

And it's oh, for the sight of a blade of grass,
And the shade of a friendly tree,
And a winding lane in the April rain,
And the country across the sea;
But it's ever and ever the blazing sun
And the glow of a tropic sky,
And the drifting sand in a foreign land—
And a dream that never can die.

The Unknown holds a thousand charms
And calls with insistent cries,

Revelation

Till youngsters come from their own firesides
To look with unchallenged eyes,
To give their youth in the search for truth,
And to find the truth—and the lies.

And it's oh, for the song of a rippling brook
Through the woods on a summer's day,
And a daisy field by its side revealed
And the perfume of new-mown hay,
But it's ever the rocks of a barren coast
That rise to the Aden sky,
And the stinging sand in a foreign land,
And a dream that never can die,
Heigh ho!
A dream that never can die!

"I Wonder——"

I WONDER do you think of me
Across the trackless miles of sea
Within your land so very fair
And sometimes wish that I was there;
And oftentimes I wonder, dear,
  What you would do
If I, when all the stars a-gleam
Are shining bright, on wings of dream
  Should come to you!

Wanderlust

THEY say Broadway is pretty when the lamps
are blazing bright—
Perhaps there is a glamour o'er it all—
But I see not its beauty when I roam it of a
night,
For in my soul there is a luring call;
A subtle, silent whisper from the meadow and
the tree,
Through all the grinding, crashing of the cars;
A tugging at my heart-strings and a longing wish
to flee
The place where there's no room for God-
made stars;
A craving for the open road, a love for simple
things,
The scent of wild-grown flow'rs and new-
mown hay;
For Wanderlust is in me and I'm praying God
for wings—
The country is a-calling in the May!

Kampala of the Hills

She nods beneath the noon-day sun
And beckons and beguiles,
Her eyes are filled with merriment,
Her lips are wreathed in smiles;
She seems to wear a woman's form,
She wreaks a woman's wiles.

She nestles in the seven hills
A dew-drop in a rose,
And dim at night beneath the stars
With mystery she glows;
But, oh, another vision glides
Whene'er the West wind blows.

A quivering gleam of olden friends
And lands across the sea,
Of dear days nigh forgotten now
And days which ne'er can be,

It brings unbidden tears to eyes
  Of wanderers like me.

A glimpse of home—Ah, God be kind!
  Ah, Land of wonder thrills!
My heart but craves the Spring again,
  The yellow daffodils,
The love that calls incessantly
  Beyond Kampala's hills!

The Daisy Field

THERE'S a wealth of yellow daisies in the field
beside my door,
And they nod and dance before me in the sun;
Such lovely yellow daisies I have never seen
before,
And they seem to whisper, "Come and join
our fun!"

They are flinging back the sunlight, they are
beautiful and gay,
I would dearly like to join them for a while,
But of course it's quite impossible, I'm old and
turning grey,
And I nearly have forgotten how to smile.

And yet they sway seductively and flirting with
the breeze,
They would thrall me with the wanton in
their eyes,

And I wish I were a little child to play again
with these
And frolic in a daisy paradise.

I wish I were a child again to mingle with their
glory,
To share the lilting laughter of the day
With sun-light and with star-shine, and Life an
unread story,
And all my world a daisy field in play!

Do You?

Do you miss me as I miss you?—
Tell me, little Maiden, true.

Do the days drift slow along
As a saddened lonely song
Wearied in a world of wrong;

Do the stars shine in the skies
Drear and dim with dewy eyes
'Yond the pale of Paradise;

Do the West winds whisper low
As to rest at night they go
Memories of long ago;

Is your life a dream devoid,
Empty of all bliss-enjoyed
Bygone days? Is Faith destroyed?

Do You?

If your world seems so to be,
Then I know you long for me
Half as much as I for Thee!

Do you miss me, tell me true,
Half as much as I miss you?

A Summer Day

SUNSHINE in the blue sky, and sunshine on the sea!—
(Glory! What a fairyland!) and all the world is young,
Life and Love and laughter—a blend of melody,
And the smiling heavens answer in a kindred, kindly tongue.

You shall be a Princess, and I shall be a King!
Only for a day, my Dear, ah, time so fleetly flies,
But, within our tired hearts, the memory will sing
To give us every toiling hour a gleam of paradise.

Starlight in the black sky, and starshine on the sea!
Fare thee well, O Summer Day, and come ye soon again;

A Summer Day

Life and love and laughter, so full of ecstasy,
And smiling eyes that bring a balm to ease
the whole world's pain!

East of Suez

EAST o' Suez, bli'me, an' the sun a-blazin' 'ot,
Touch o' fever comin' on, just as like as not,
Not a bloomin' 'ouse-maid in the 'ole un'ealthy land,
Not a blinkin' public-'ouse, and not a blinkin' band,
Not a bloomin' bit o' fun the 'ole unendin' day
But toilin' for me livin' an' a-drawin' o' me pay.
I would give me bloomin' eyes, 'eart, an' 'ands, an' all,
Just to 'ear an ol'-time pal give an ol'-time call:

"'Ullo, wot cheer,
Arf a pint o' beer,
Arf a pint o' bitter at the ol' *Brown Cow?*
Drink it down with laughter,
Sorrow may come after,
But grin, you bloomin' beggar, for at least you're 'appy now!"

East of Suez

East o' Suez, s'welp me, I'm holdin' o' me own,
Reapin' now the 'arvest o' the folly I 'ave sown;
Thinkin' o' the long ago, an' dreamin' o' the nights
Spent within the glitter o' a million gleamin' lights;
Pinin' for the drinks I've 'ad, an' sighin' o' me sighs,
Thinkin' o' the star-shine in a Christian woman's eyes;
Longin' for the city an' the city's bloomin' all,
Longin' for an' old-time pal with 'is ol'-time call:

"'Ullo, wot cheer,
Arf a pint o' beer,
Arf a pint o' bitter at the ol' *Brown Cow?*
Drink it down with laughter,
Sorrow may come after,
But grin, you bloomin' beggar, for at least you're 'appy now!"

Land Ho!

Smiling sky and smiling waters, oh, the day was fair.
(Through the black night we had come like a hint of woe,
Darkened lights and battened hatches, murmured words and cautious steering,
Fearful of a hidden terror, of a lurking, unseen foe.)
Straight before us like a jewel flashing in the sun
Proud she rose and beckoned us as we smiled again,
Smiled and laughed with lightsome hearts at danger o'er and beauty 'fore us,
Blew a kiss or two, mayhap, to greet the shores of Spain.

Who of us but dreamed again for who of us but saw
Through the clouds, dim, wraith-like castles—claimed them as his own—

Land Ho!

Of the days long gone and vanished when the
faith was in the dreaming,
And a dream was all the world when ne'er the
world was known—
Glory! There is little gladness in the hearts of
men
Wearied by the toiling hours and shattered by
the years—
But, one moment fair and fleeting eyes were
oped to olden wonders
As we saw our dream again veiled in misty
tears.

Spring Night

The wind among the tree-tops and the moon
upon the sea;
The splash of restless waves across the sands;
The whisper of the ocean alive with luring plea
A-mingling with the sighs of other lands.

The silence of the heavens, and the glory of the
stars;
The heavy scent of flowers and grassy sod;
The soul within me bursting the mortal prison
bars
To greet the awful majesty of God!

In the Toils

THERE'S wormwood in the heart o' me, there's
cobweb 'round my soul,
My eyes are filled with longing to be free,
I'm dreaming of the mountains where the mighty
rivers roll,
And crash o'er crag and cranny to the sea.
I am stifling in the city where the best is but a
lie,
Where men can think of nothing else but
gold—
Where lives are crushed and broken, and the
weary long to die,
And clamour for the birth-right they have sold.

High buildings are around me, and they're
crowding me to death,
The streets are bright with futile, fatal flare,
And many folks seem happy, but I cannot draw
a breath—

And all those smiles are masks to cover care.
For lonely, lonely faces pass me by 'most every day,
And every one so vainly tries to smile,
But down within the hearts o' them there's sorrow all the way,
There's hatred of the city and its guile.

Or perhaps it is a longing for the manhood they have lost,
The memory of the men they used to be,
Ere came the city craving, and they reckoned not the cost,
But cast their bread upon the purple sea.
I often want to go to them and take them by the hand—
They seem so very, very much alone—
Just gaze into their lonely eyes and say I understand,
And prove that every heart is not of stone.

But such things must not happen; in the city you pass by
Each one whom you have never met before,
Yet every one is friendly where the mountains kiss the sky,
And every one is clean white to the core.
I'm sick of all the city, where convention plays its part,
I'm dreaming of the mountains by the sea—
For cobweb's 'round the soul of me and sorrow's in my heart,
I'm longing and I'm praying to be free!

Joy o' Life

HAVE you ever dreamed, as I have dreamed,
O' the will-o'-the-wisp o' fame—
Have you fought and sought, as I have done,
And found it an empty name?
Have you hoped with hope, as I have hoped,
Till your heart was wet with tears,
And found, as I, that sorrows abound,
In the long, long line o' years?
Have you tried and failed, as once I failed—
Have you conquered at last, to smile?
If so, you'll learn, as I have learned,
That the game, after all, 's worth while;
And some day you'll know, as I, too, know,
That spite the sorrow and pain,
The heart-worn strife, the toil o' life—
You'd live it all over again!

Music Magic

Perhaps there is no magic in this dull, old world of ours;
Perhaps there are no Fairy Tales to gladden heart-break hours;
Perhaps there is no beauty, and perhaps all things are wrong;
But still there is the wonder of a little, old-time song!

A SQUEAKING and battered old organ, rattling a moss-covered tune,
Stood in the street of the city, there, in the heat of the noon;
Banging of roses and sunshine, thrilling of lands far away,
Whispering songs of my childhood—sorrowful, simple and gay;
I was a child for the moment, filled with a child's petty fears,
Dreaming, and dreaming, and dreaming, never a thought of the tears.

Then, as the music was softened, singing of love
and of life,
Brought it back thoughts of the old days, far
from the toil and the strife,
Glimmer of gold in the star-light, shimmer of
silk by the sea;
Words that were whispered, half-spoken, dreams
that were never to be.
Sweet intermingled with sadness, what is as dear
as the past?
Is there a day in the future that is as fair as the
last?
Music, oh, music, the master, there in the heat
of the noon,
A squeaking and battered old organ, rattling a
moss-covered tune,
Carried me back in my dreaming, far, to the
long, long ago;
Feeling 'way down in my heart-chords hope I
thought never could glow;
Brought to me who was a failure, beaten and
crossed in the fight,

Help in the hour of the darkness—pointed the way to the light.

Perhaps there is no magic in this dull, old world of ours;
Perhaps there are no Fairy Tales to gladden heart-break hours;
Perhaps there is no beauty, and perhaps all things are wrong;
But still there is the wonder of a little, old-time song!

Dreams

If you can fight, as I must fight,
The daily grinding toil;
Then you will know the after-glow,
The peace from out the moil.

If you are loved, as I am loved,
The earth's a Paradise;
And you will play the game alway,
Nor care to win the prize.

If you can hope, as I may hope,
With faith that still endures,
Then you will win, through all the sin—
The world itself is yours.

And you will dream, as I can dream,
And dreams are fairer far
Than love, and gold, and earth so old,
Or other things that are!

An Invitation

Ah, fly with me to happiness, through the heart
of the merry May,
And follow me down the friendly road that lies
at the end o' day,
And sing with me a simple tune in a mystical,
magic tongue,
For then we will come to *Tir-na-noge,* if only
our hearts are young.

If but our hearts are young, my dear, and our
lips are alive for song,
We'll give not a sigh for this world's woe, but
laugh at it all night long,
And o'er the road with flying feet to the portals
of Fairyland,
We will travel, *Asthore,* with the gentle moon,
and the stars that go hand-in-hand.

And there, a queen of *Tir-na-noge,* to her with
a queen's caress,
Will take us, my dear, within her arms, and
softly our pain will bless;
And we will find the prize we seek (Ah, the
laugh of a little child!)
But we must be young, so young, my dear, in
our hearts that are beating wild.

And oh, our lips must mark a song, a lullaby
sweet and low,
to waken the heart of a wee, wee babe of the
ever so long ago,
To ope his eyes in Fairyland to the love that he
long has flown
And cuddle himself against our hearts that will
know him again—their own.

So come with me to *Tir-na-noge,* through the
heart of the merry May,
And follow me down the friendly road that lies
at the end o' day,

And sing with me a simple tune in a mystical,
magic tongue,
For then we will win to happiness, if only our
hearts are young!

Gethsemane

BREATHES there a man who claimeth not
One lonely spot,
  His own Gethsemane,
Whither with his inmost pain
He fain
  Would weary plod,
Find the surcease that is known
In wind a-moan
  And sobbing sea,
Cry his sorrow hid of men
And then—
  Touch hands with God.

Sunset in Egypt

SILENCE, and a sense of loneliness, and a longing
for a friend;
The low gaunt plains of the desert rolling to
the hills,
The hills of Egypt, west of the world's end,
And a wonder that thrills and thrills.

Grim the mountains grand, imperious, proud,
They marked the ribbéd sky, grey and brown
and blue
With rugged thrust that pierced a sun-splashed
cloud,
As with a sudden splendour ever new
The diamond of the day drooped a ruby in the
far away,
And sank beyond the low grey slaty sky.
And then as though there crept a sudden dawn,
Yellow and saffron, crimson, gold and green

Sunset in Egypt

The great wild clouds with new-found light flashed out
Range on range in utter rout,
As though obedient to a touch unseen,
As though in homage to a nod . . .
Silence, and a feeling of awe, and the presence of God.

Then suddenly a low mysterious sound
From out the ground,
The pattering of fairy feet across a fairy dell,
The sweet, recurrent tinkling of a laughing silver bell,
The murmur in the woodlands of a drowsy summer stream,
The whisper of a woman's voice upon the wings of dream—
The night wind of the desert in our ears
Sang and sobbed, and through unbidden tears
Each saw his dream again of all the years.
Each saw and dreamed and prayed, with fear and unafraid—

And slowly rose the moon, the crescent moon,
To lend new charms and hint of Paradise
That yet would vanish soon . . .
I heard a strong man breathing in the dark,
And one who mutter'd that all faith was lies,
And yet a woman came to me and smiled
With the glory of the sunset in her eyes!

Desolation

How we yearned for Spring, dear—you and I,
The winter seemed so weary-weighted, long;
Each day we watched the saddened sky—
Each day we prayed for one red robin's song.

And then at last bloomed Spring, but—you and I
Had gone our different ways for e'er to part;
And now though summer hours are nigh,
There's winter, bitter winter in my heart.

The Nation

I DREAMED of a mighty nation, peopled with
millions of men,
Flying their banner of freedom—hope in their
hearts again;
Living the lives of the fearless, living the lives
of the free;
Rising and ever rising, as the restless tides of
the sea.
I saw them shake off the shackles that fettered
them long ago,
Ere they sought in the golden Westland the
peace that the East can't know.
I heard them singing of freedom, I heard them
singing of love;
And the song of their glad rejoicings rose to
the Heavens above;
And every man was a brother, and every man
was a friend,

And Heaven was all around them, and Heaven would never end.
But then, there came in my dreaming, something which changed it all,
Something which caused that freedom to totter and slowly fall,
Something above that singing which rose to the purple sky—
The voices of little children raised in a desolate cry.
I saw then a world of toilers, struggling as ever of old,
Fighting and scrambling, a-praying for glittering dirt called gold,
And the strong ones preyed on the weak ones, and the weak ones cried for death;
And the land they had loved and longed for, they cursed with their dying breath!

. . . . . .

I dreamed of a fearless nation from the East to the Western waves—
And then I awoke from my dreaming to find it a land of slaves!

The Roadhouse

Into an Inn beside the Old Post Road
Beloved by me in days of headlong youth,
When life was sweet and laughter lightly flowed,
I entered with the naked eyes of truth.

Unchanged! It seemed as 'twere but yesternight
That I had bade the madcap scene farewell;
The same wild crash of song, the blaze of light,
And Folly there with her old luring spell.

And yet so changed; or was it I grown old
To thrill no more to joys of youth à-gleam;
Ah, dear dim days agone—the world is cold
To him who stands within the husks of dream!

Kinship

HAVE you gone, as I've gone, in the hours of your pain,
To the sea where the ships glitter by?
Have you stood, as I've stood, in the withering rain,
When your heart was too broken to cry?
Have you watched, as I've watched, every vessel grow small
In the East where the sky clambers down?
Then you've felt, as I've felt, a great pity for all
Who are locked in the grip of the town;
And you will, when you win to a wealth unconfined,
And you sail for far lands over-sea,
Pause a moment to think of us still left behind,
And you'll breathe a wee blessing for me.
So that when I go down to the sea and look out
To the land where my fondest dreams lie,
I can hail you my kinsman in one silent shout
And know you will answer my cry.

A Passing Prayer

THE sea is blue to-day
As never 'twas before,
Soft green the crowning trees
O'ertop the sunny shore,
And all the world is good—
And I am twenty-four.
Oh, God, when I am old,
And all my world is grey,
And my poor heart is tired,
My eyes too dim for play,
Give back in dreams to me
The memory of to-day!

Surcease

A LONG road, and a fair road,
And a starlit night in June;
With an old black pipe for comfort,
And a dream with my heart attune;
With a tried, true friend beside me
I will tramp till the dream is done,
And my cares like the leaves in Autumn
Will drop from me, one by one;
And my soul from its slough of sorrow
Will rise with a faith new-born,
To linger a while with laughter
Or ever is come the morn!

The Promise

Beloved, when I am dead,
And o'er the unknown road have wound my way
A-down the sunset-coloured clouds,
Beyond the day,

You will at eventide—
The confidential hour we loved of old,
Cry out to me above the distant stars
That twinkle gold.

Cry out, and heed my cry,
Till all the slumb'ring heavens vast awake
To marvel at a tryst so kept
For old sake's sake.

Killowen

Sure, it is a mighty city, an' the sights are simply grand,
An' the people here are pleasant spoke an' kind;
But, I'm thinkin' o' Killowen, in that lovely, lonely land
That so many years ago I left behind.
'Tis a little tiny village in the mountains by the sea,
Half hidden like a bee within a bud,
But, Glory! What a wonderland of beach, and field, and tree,
And it's back there I'd be goin' if I c'u'd.

'Tis not grand like its proud neighbours on the left and on the right,
An' very few have heard of it at all;
But, Killowen is imbedded in my heart each day and night,

An' it's I can ever hear her gently call.
When the sad East wind is whinin' by the build-
in's over here,
An' the streets are softly drenched in silver
rain,
I know Killowen's cryin' for the ones she loved
so dear,
An' I wish that all her tears were not in vain.

For Killowen, fair Killowen, sure it's heavy is
my heart,
An' my soul is sunk in sorrow every day,
An' I'm weary that I ever had the mad, wild
wish to part—
But what's the good of sorrow?—I'm away.
Away from all the friendly folk, the fields of
perfumed loam,
The mountains, and the golden gorse-clad hill;
Killowen's far, too far, away; I never can go
home—
An' yet I love to think—some day I will!

Castles in the Air

We have builded o'er and o'er
  Castles in the air.
Tenderly with loving lore,
We have watched each turret soar
  High o'er hills of care.

We have seen them crashing fall
  (Ah, that dreams are frail!)
Down the mighty turrets tall,
Battlements, and spires, and all;
  When our hopes were pale.

We have railed at sorrow's crown—
  Weary in our pain—
As our dreams went rushing down;
But we smile beneath the frown—
  We can build again.

The Healer

I WILL go down to the sea, and the hills, and the
kindly wind;
Battered and sick in heart and body and soul;
And the seat to her bosom will take me, massive
and kind,
Banish my sorrow and make me well and
whole.

Ah, the pain I have suffered, the loneliness fruit
of pain;
Shattered the dream and dead the love in my
heart.
I will mingle my tears with the wind. The
whimpering rain
Answer will cry; and the burden of hate de-
part.
In the dawn of the day when the hills are dif-
fused with gold,
Sparkling the sky, the sunshine luringly young,

The Healer

I will go and be laved of my pain and the sorrow of old,
Hearkening sea-wards the song in the well-loved tongue.

I will come from the sea, and the hills, and the kindly wind,
Proud in my faith, and strong for work or for play;
And the hurt that was powerful will vanish, cringing and blind;
Laughing I'll scoff at the torment that drove me 'way.

Dinny's Boy

"Maybe I spoils him," says Dinny to me,
"Maybe, but, I love him so;
I'm all he has in this whole world, you see,
I, an' I'll soon have to go.

"Little gossoon with a merry blue eye,
Laughin' and singin' all day—
Friends whom I have, will they hark to his cry
When I have gone far away?

"Will they be near to him, will they be dear;
Will they e'er listen at all?
When he is lonely and finds the earth drear,
Who will go answer his call?

"When I am dead, who will care for him then?
Who will be good to the lad?
Mem'ry is weak in the best of us men,
No one will love like his dad.

"He shall be happy as long as I live,
I who am ageing and wan;
All that I own to him gladly I give—
For who will be kind when I'm gone?"

Port Said

A BIT of the East, and a bit of the West,
  At the end of the world's end,
And a bit of the worst, and a bit of the best,
And a bit of a dream, and the hint of a quest,
And misery and sorrow in merriment dressed—
  At the end of the world's end.

And this I had dreamed, in the halcyon days,
  Of the end of the world's end;
And this was mine own.—In the tortuous ways
Flowed the colours of life, but the drabs and
    the greys
Were drowned in the crimsons and lost in their
    maze
  At the end of the world's end.

And only the good and the greatness was there—
  At the end of the world's end,
And the perfume of incense was sweet in the air,

The smile of a woman, the rose in her hair—
But far off I heard a low cry of despair,
A wee, little, choked little, cry of despair—
At the end of the world's end.

Enslaved

Over the sea a whisper, tremulous, soft and low,
Calling, and calling, and calling, whenever the south winds blow—
But I am tied by a thousand ties that will not let me go.

YOUNG, so young, are the years of me, but old, so old my heart,
And deep the grief of an ancient woe, and the pain of an ancient smart,
As the stately ships of the seven seas to the ends of the earth depart.

I was the thrall of beauty. God, for the glint of sea!—
Bright in the languorous sunshine—and green in the vessel's lee,
Or gold and grey in the dawning sun—that slaved the heart of me.

Enslaved

Long ago in the lap of her, when all the world
was young,
And wild the wind in the trackless sky o'er a
fathomless space was flung,
To the soul of me from the soul of her she spoke
with a mother's tongue.

Black as the cloak of Satan—starred with a
splash of gold—
Whipped by the wind in a midnight blow—
proud, and imperial, cold—
Or sweet her song in the lonely night, and sweet
the tale she told.

Sweet the song, and the tale so sweet, and ever
comes her cry
From out the lips of the homesick wind in the
labyrinth wastes of sky,
And my heart is thrilled with an olden thrill as
the dream-laden ships go by.

Enslaved

Ever a breath, a whisper—ever a cry I know—
Calling, and calling, and calling, or murmuring
soft and low—
But I am tied by a thousand ties that will not let
me go!

On Bleecker Street

Dirty little smudged face, and bare and battered
feet,
Playing in the sunshine, laughing at the heat,
Light of heart and care-free, down on Bleecker
Street.

Wonder what you think, boy, wonder do you
dream—
Summer in the country, and field, and wood, and
stream,
Wind among the roses, and stars that glow and
gleam?

Wonder if the message that makes the summer
dear,
Song that thrills my heart-strings murmurs in
your ear;
If it came a-wooing, I wonder would you hear?

If it came a-wooing,—Ah, God is kind and wise,
Would not wake the hunger in a baby's eyes,
Till that heart could answer the call of paradise.

So you play, and happy, I wonder does she know—
She who is your mother and loves you, baby, so—
Ache for that you share not the gifts that God would show?

Happy Is He

HAPPY is he who when the day is o'er
Can smile farewell to the slow setting sun,
And know the bliss which thrills a faithful soul
In consciousness of work attempted—done.

Who joyously can greet the glowing stars,
And weary of the toil, by labour spent,
Can wend his way to peacefulness and home
And softly cry to God—"I am content!"

Eden

Sunshine on a new-mown field,
The perfume ling'ring sweet,
Wind among the trembling trees
With the noise of pattering feet,
Summertime for all the world—
But oh, the time is fleet.

Gather ye your rosebuds red
And press them to you near,
Fold your dreams within your heart
If that you hold them dear,
Laugh and love with wanton joy,
Lest come too soon the tear.

Sunshine on a new-mown field,
(The rain beyond the skies,)
Summer song, and summer day,
And love in women's eyes . . .
Raised to strike in Winter's hands
The sword of Paradise.

The Journey

We're toiling up an olden road—the road that leads to Fairyland,
(Honey, can't you see that star pointing out the way?)
Don't you think there's some one watching—guiding us to Fairyland,
Some one who has trudged before the road we trudge to-day?

Poppy petals nodding by the winding road to Fairyland
Call to us so wearied, and their siren song is sleep;
All the trees are murmuring, "It's very far to Fairyland,
Very far and lonely, and the road is rough and steep!"

The Journey

In your eyes is shining all the longing known in
Fairyland,
For the little, tiny tot who wandered there
one day.
Let the road be wearisome, our love will win to
Fairyland—
(Honey, can't you hear the croon of little
babes at play?)

"Wanderer, Wanderer, Why Do You Stand——"

WANDERER, Wanderer, Why do you stand, as the sun sets glowing?
I'm longing for my own land and the soft wind blowing.

Wanderer, Wanderer, Why do you gaze with your sad eyes dreaming?
I'm visioning my own home and the star-shine gleaming.

Wanderer, Wanderer, Why do you pause with your whole soul sighing?
I'm praying for my own Love and her tired heart dying.

Wanderer, Wanderer, Why do you weep? Is the world all sorrow?
I'm thinking of my grief to-day, and the long to-morrow.

The Lure

I HAVE a hungering for the sea,
The smell of the salt, and the sting of the spray in my face,
The song of the wind in the lonely ways,
And the lure of limitless space;

The glint of stars in the tropic night,
And the glorious grey of the dawn in a fathomless sky,
The splashing of waves by the cleaving prow,
And the screech of gulls flying by;

The sights, the sounds, and the mysteries,
The presence of God, and the touch of His comforting hand;
The sea, and a ship, and an old-time quest,
And the dimming, distancing land.

Old Love Letters

A FRAGRANT perfume clings around them still,
Of violets, and clover, and of thyme,
And memories of one fair woodland hill,
And You and I where rambling roses climb.

Of You and I, the dear, dear dreams we planned—
The vows we gave, and whispered soft and low—
The centuries our deathless love had spanned—
And that was only one short year ago.

"Forever thine." "Thine own till life is run,"
Your letters read. My head swims fast awhirl—
For you are married to another one,
And I, to-morrow, wed another girl.

"Missing!"

THE bare, brief, brutal lines;
The news withheld, yet told;
To grip the heart with ghastly fear,
As blood runs cold.

Unknown, a loved one's fate;
The yawning, sick'ning dread,
To view him wounded and alone,
Or captured.—*Dead!* . . .

Not dead, dear God, not dead—
(We who have loved him so)
But safe and sound, and winning home—
Ah, God!—To know!—To know!

Respite

THE dawn upon the hills o' home
Beside the grey-lit sea,
A-shining as in days of yore
To thrill the heart of me,
A wanderer—a wanderer
Who yet again must flee! . . .

A little while to live and laugh,
A little while to play,
Then on and on across the world
Beyond the break o' day . . .
The lights of home—Ah, loved of old—
Shine dim across the bay. . . .

The Last Journey

THE wind-swept sky, the wind-swept sea, and all
the world before us,
(God be with the golden dream that lures us
on again.)
With Romance at the tiller, and the screeching
gulls in chorus
To welcome us, to welcome us the rovers of
the main!

Exulting at the freedom with the freedom of
steering,
Only to be out again upon the open sea,
Nor wishful to be home at all, nor care what
shore we're nearing,
Exulting at the freedom with the freedom of
the free.

But those of us who dreamed our dream and saw
it swiftly winging

The Last Journey

Down the road to anywhere, and watched with
brimming eyes;
We steal into the pilot house where Romance
softly singing
Tells us oh, so gently that our port is Paradise.

A Question

E'EN though our dream was doomed to die
  Was it then not worth the dreaming?
The stolen hours, the scented hours,
  And the moonlight silver gleaming.

The whispered word, the touch of lips,
  And the south wind softly blowing,
The limpid eyes, the dream-filled eyes,
  And the love beyond all knowing.

The song that laughed within our ears,
  And our hearts with gladness teeming—
Though deep the pain and the dream in vain,
  Do you regret the dreaming?

Restoration

When comes my time to go, be kind, ah, kind,
Take what is left of me;
Lay me at rest on a lonely shore
With my face to the sea.

Touch your lips to my wearied brow,
Taking a man's farewell,
Giving me back to my love of old
And her simple spell.

Each to each ere the dream may die
(Ever will faith atone)
That the sea may claim what was hers, at last,
And I, mine own!

Ghosts

THESE, these, come to me these!
Dear Make-believe, and memories,
  Half-forgotten, half-remembered things that dream
  Would make to seem
Too cruelly real, too poignant for a Wanderer to know.
And yet as glows the glory of the Cross,
  The wonder and the beauty of the South,
They come caressing,
  Brushing their lips against my mouth,
Folding me, and holding me, pressing
Their shadowy beings, and whispering dear words very low
  And sweet against my all-too-heeding ear,
  So marvellously close, and so most terribly near.

Sunshine on a field, and poppies swaying,
And little children playing

In the laughter of the day;
And far away
The whistle of a train . . .
Then rain,
The sweet, warm smell of summer rain,
And new-mown hay;
And trees glistening, and drenched grass;
And little feet that pass
Hurriedly across the gravel walks, the loam
To the sanctuary of home
Perfumed with the flowers of June,
The roses that stood
In myriad clusters on the wood
Of the well-remembered table in the hall
Down by the place where coats were hung
Or flung
Hastily—Children's coats and things on pegs upon the wall.

These come to me—
A mother's eyes glistening with the glories
Of thrice told Fairy stories
Ere sleep flew down on angel wings, and light,

Delicately,
Folded her arms and uncomplaining led away
From the wonders of the day,
  Sleepy, little, weary heads
  Couched in small, and snowy beds
To the wonderness of Dream-land in the kingdom of Night.

And then—a loved one, dear words spoken,
  Foolish, little, simple things, but most magically true,
Promises that Time would find un-broken;
  And lips 'gainst yielding lips, warm form to form,
  Hot breath to breath.
A trinket given as a token,
  Some precious gem; and Time on winged feet flying,
  And in the dusk, the droning wings of Death. . . .

Ah, Christ!
The dreams Youth brought of Fortune, Fame,

And glorious Name,
And Gold, shining as the sunshine on a woman's hair
When she is young, and dear, and kind,
And eyes are not yet blind
To the good, the sweet, the loveliness of life,
Nor see the sordidness, the strife,
The great enveloping mantle of Despair.

These come to me—
Poor, little, frail, and precious things, they fade,
Grow dim, and vanish in the air as smoke wind-blown
From friendly chimneys into the unresisting sky
And infinity,
And I am left immeasurably alone.

The Southern Cross

I FIRST saw—a brooch upon your breast,
  Dear, delicate, and precious thing,
Fine gold and diamonds; you pressed
  It close against your bosom, and you smiled
At me. That smile caressed
  My being as a flame . . .
  I breathed your name
And said—What was 't I said,
My lips close to your brown, delightful head?
  Ah yes, I murmured words taught me of paradise,
  And then, "This cross of Southern skies
  But gains its glory from the glory in your eyes."

And You—did not you laugh
And call me dear, and foolish names,
And lock your fingers then in mine, and say—
"The real cross flames
As sunshine in the day." . . .

The Southern Cross

The Southern Cross is gleaming over-head,
  Flashing and flaming in the velvet skies—
But I see a little brooch upon your breast,
  And the glory that was stolen from your eyes.

The Mail-Runner

As ugly as sin, and as black as the Pit,
With clothes nothing much and those few do not fit,
A goat-skin or two, and a rag on his back,
He bears on his shoulders a dream-crowded pack.
He comes like a shadow far over the hills,
He comes with his burden of sorrows and thrills,
Of love and of laughter. As light as the foam
He springs down the trail with—the letters from Home!

And here's one for you and another for me
To bring us a glimpse of the whispering sea,
The tang of the salt and the touch of the brine,
And a dream that was yours, and a dream that was mine.
And this gives us Spring in the far, far away,
The perfume of Thyme, and the scent of the hay,

And the husk of a memory broken and pale—
These, these are the letters that come by the Mail.

And what would ye have but the trust of a friend,
A letter to read, and a day-dream to spend,
A heart that can smile through the mist of the years,
And the dear written word that would banish the tears?
Though ugly he be and as black as the Pit,
With clothes nothing much and those few do not fit,
He might be an angel with wings white as foam
For he brings to us Wanderers letters from Home!

African Dawn

THE first red tints flung on the Eastern sky
Splash and grow large as running streams of fire:
The night is o'er. The brilliant stars on high
Still blazing bright grow dim to vanish, as desire
Unsatisfied must wander down to die. . . .

A sound shatters the silence. The beat of a drum,
Impatient and shrill, calling the tillers of the soil
From slumber, and from dreams, and blissful peace
To wakefulness and toil.

And then the notes are stilled; once more the world
Is handed back to silence.

But loud a cry, ere yet the gonfalons of night
are fully furled,
Comes pealing through the air—
A long, wild, drawn-out monotone
Summoning the faithful unto prayer, to
prayer!

From out the winding, honey-combed bazaars,
Blinking in the stars,
Shadowy shapes with muffled heads bowed low,
Old and young—eagerly they plod
A-down the tracks of sand called streets, to
that dim mosque
To cry their cry again—"There is no God but
God!"

The birds burst into song, even as at home
Yourself have heard them on a morn in
Spring—
The sun comes dancing o'er the waves
To fling
His rays on all the world of Love, and Light,
and Melody

For those, who would, to see . . .
But they know not—Christians—the greys, the golds, the yellows, and the reds,
The swaying flowers that in the sun-light nod,
The myriad scents, the Melody, the things that sing of God—
They sleep—shapeless and dishevelled lumps lying in their beds.

Night in Africa

As sinks the sun, the wind comes slowly sighing
Through the solemn and silent trees like fingers playing
Gently, and softly, on heart-strings crying,
Crooning, and sobbing; the fingers straying
Now on a tremulous, plaintive chord, then sadder,
Touching the depths of woe and the old world's sorrow;
Springing at will to a glorious note, and gladder,
Throbbing of Love and Hope in a great tomorrow.
Softly the shimmering stars come shyly peeping
Out of the heavens to marvel, their curious eyes
Filled with wonder the world should so lie sleeping,
Figures of death, and deaf to the music creeping,

Night in Africa

Sodden with slumber and lost to their paradise.
So is the night with music and myst'ry passing,
So is the dawn approaching on wingèd feet,
Far to the Eastward the sun-barbed cohorts are massing,
Massing to shatter the dusk and the music sweet.
Dim grow the stars, and the night grows older and older,
Sweet sings the wind, and his sad voice sweeter and bolder,
Down to the sea and away o'er the silent Deep
To where in a distant land a dreamer stirs in his sleep.

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